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1951

Telescopic Phenomenon #4

Taken: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM

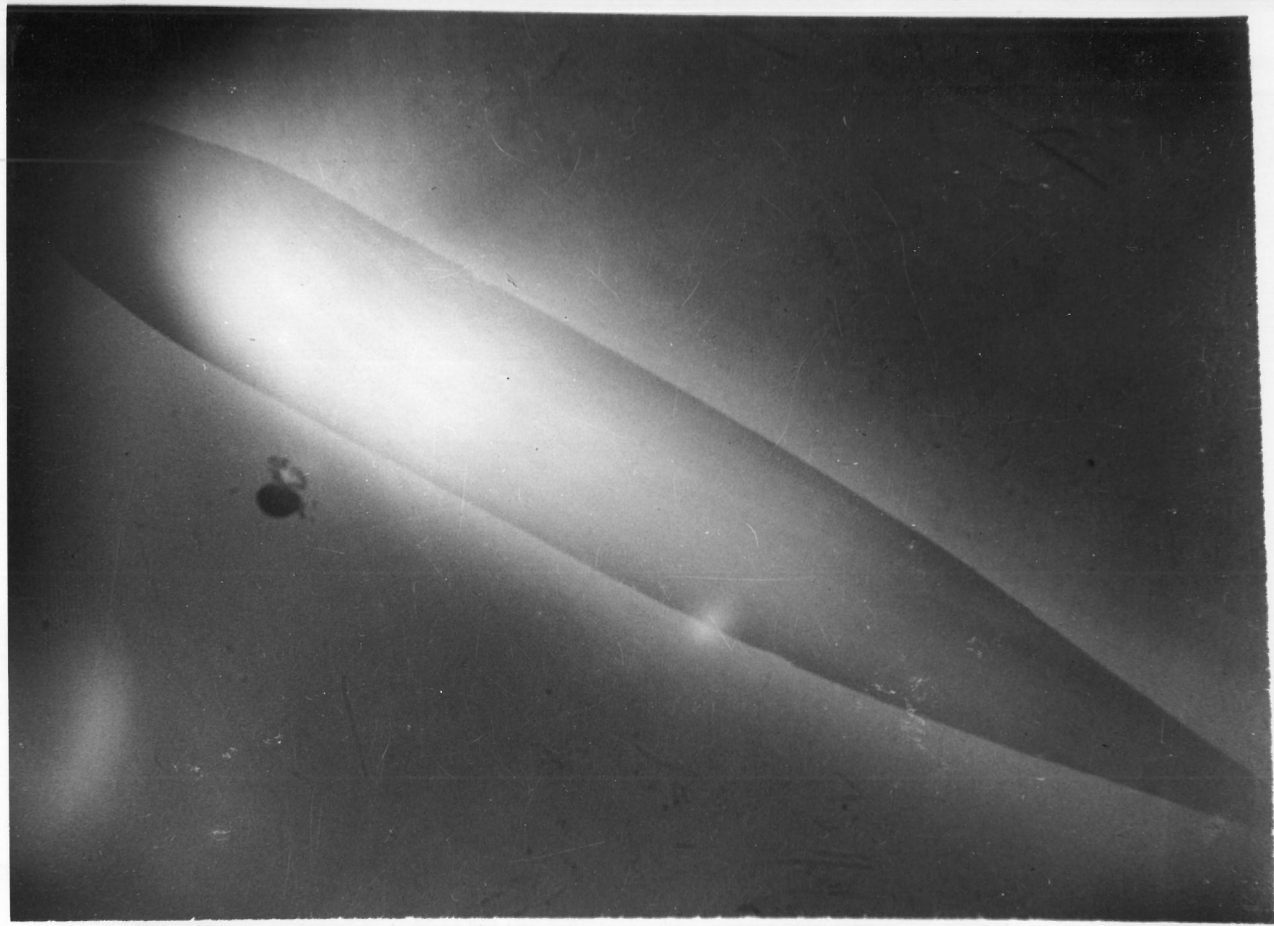
AHC Scan Number *ah101154*_____



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Telescopic Phenomenon # 3
Taken: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM

AHC Scan Number ah/a1158



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Telescopic Phenomenon D
Taken: March 9, 1951 - 9:00 AM
- d01 -



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Telescopic Phenomenon #1
Taken: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM

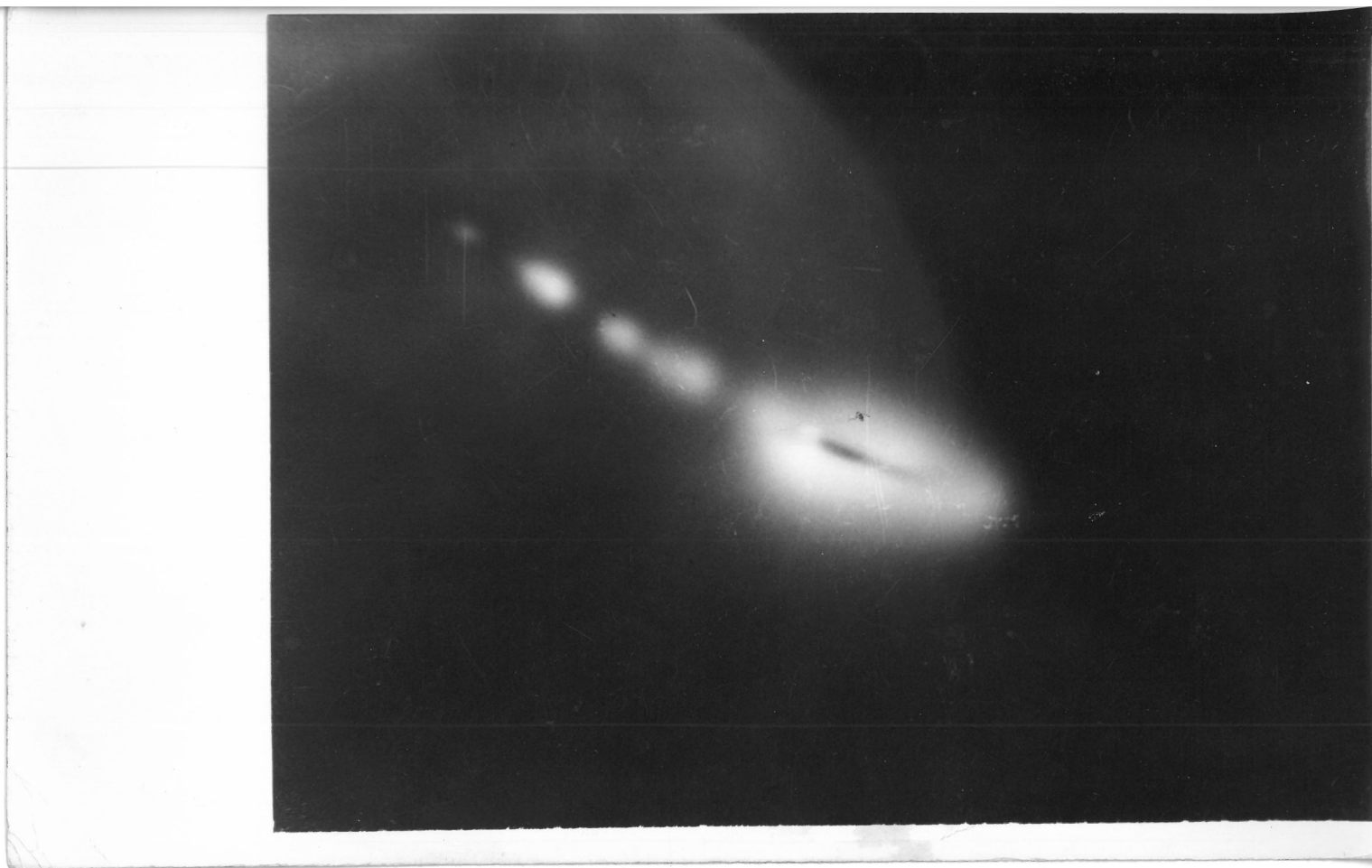
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Telescopic Phenomenon #2
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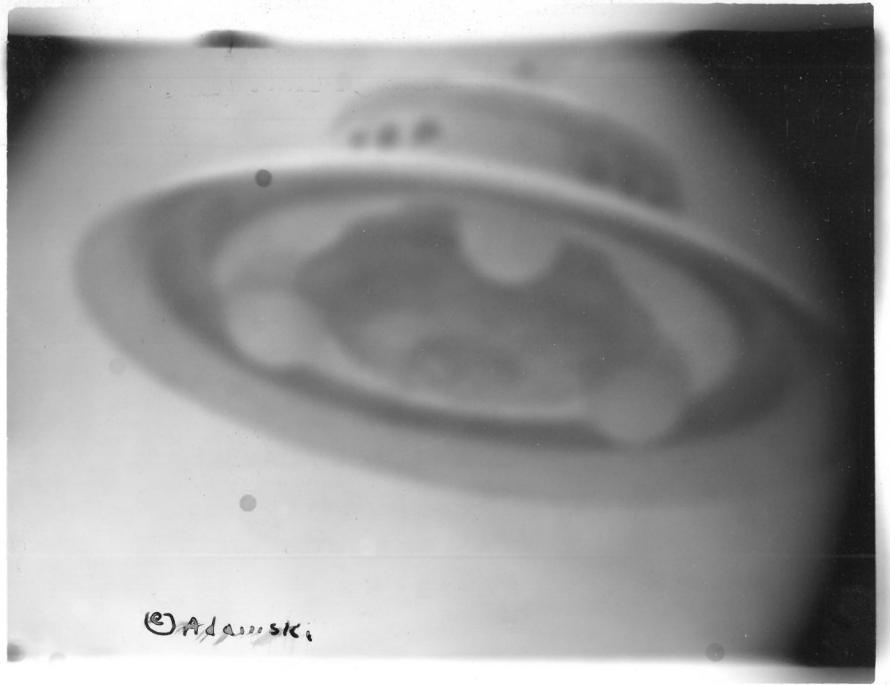


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Telescopic Phenomenon B

Taken: January 17, 1951 - 7:40 PM

AHC Scan Number ah101153



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*Space Scout Ship
Hovering
12-13-52*

AHC Scan Number ah101152

Ken Purdy, publisher of True, telephoned me from New York, Jan. 10., begging for information which he had been doing since Jan. 5. But I told him he'd have to come out and talk to my sources, provided they would stand still for him, which I doubted.

Jan. 12. Buffalo Evening News telephoned me to Hollywood, asking was I really on the level with those twenty questions I asked the Air Force. I told them I was. They asked permission to reprint. I said O.K. I asked them also to try to get the answers from the Air Force. They told me they would. They added that Donald Keyhoe who wrote the January piece for True was in Buffalo, tracking down leads.

Jan. 13 Christian Science Monitors, Los Angeles manager came to see me for interview on the same subject.

While lunching at the Brown Derby, I received a telephone call from Purdy, saying he would pay \$3,000 for 6000 words, if I could get them to him by Jan. 20. He could not fly out himself for a conference. Would it be okay if he sent a representative as an observer.

Jan. 14 Set-up a conference with Cy Newton, who came in from Phoenix and Purdy's rep who came in from Newport Beach. Thing took hours, and was greek to the representative, so he called Purdy - who daldied back and forth for days until it was too late to write even a postcard by Jan. 20. So I crossed him off the list.

Jan. 20. Lt. Lydecker of Navy tried for days to contact Cy Newton in L.A. Got Paul Beamer, Newton's field manager. Lydecker said he was of Navel Intelligence, and it was finally wormed out of him what he wanted, and that he was asked to get the information for Air Force Intelligence. Beamer said he thought Project Saucer was closed. Lydecker said maybe so, but all he ~~knaw~~ knew was he was told to get whatever information he could. Beamer said

he could find down there, and report that to the Air Force.

Jan. 24 The Army is on Newton's tail now. A Lt. Shippey has been around the Lakeside Golf course looking for Newton, but Cy moves around so much and in such wide circle, that it is doubtful that a flying saucer could keep up with him.

Jan. 31. Pres. Truman's announcement "We would make the Hydrogen Bomb" took some of the interest off of flying saucers, but it is feared not for long.

Feb. 3 Wright Field in Dayton, took six cases of Dr. G's records to the Pentagon for researching. He said his Almadordo files were returned to him in Phoenix, some but not all. If this intramural counter-espionage doesn't stop, he's thinking of destroying half his records and burying the rest until all this conflict between the Air Force Intelligence and the scientist dies down or blows up. He has a 17,00 page manuscript on magnetic energy which is understood to be in a publishing house in New York. It is understood this will be the first book wholly devoted to this subject.

Feb. 5 Told Newton - Purdy is spending a fortune hunting him and his group down. Keyhoe were stopping at the Brown Palace Hotel, decided he was being wire-tapped and moved into the University Club. All of them had to clear through George Koehler, and none of them get very far with him.

Feb. 10 One of Dr. G's men, assigned to right field, was ordered to reported to the Pentagon pronto. Head of the Air Force research quizzed him for hours on all he knew about the Aztec flying saucers and at the end of the interview told him to forget all he had said or heard.

Feb. 15 Robert Imanidt, photographer at Lockheed, whose address 1213 West Avenue 37, L.A. 31 'phone Capital 8311. Will talk privately with what's going on saucer-wise at Lockheed.

Feb. 22 Succeeded in losing my main Saucerian Source in Phoenix, Ariz. Assigned four others to hunt him down, finally got him at 4 pm. He told me the official pressure is getting him down and that he would'nt talk for publication, at this time, for 20 million dollars.

Feb. 24 The Air Force is representated anonymously always by an unofficial spokesman. In this war of words, I understand a Major Boggs is their real spokesman, and he bogs himself down half the time with day to day contradictions.

Mar. 3 Contact Martin Block - who has a studio on Wilcox. He will put you in touch with an army flier at Muroc, who swears his plane was suspended in midair for four minutes. When he was released, and able to fly to his landing field, he reported what had happened to him. A three star general was in from Washington. He ordered the pilot to fill out a routine form, and then told him to take it easy for a few days. The next day the pilot went up with a camera. He was ordered down, and then ordered grounded for disobedience. His fiance says he will talk if his identity is not disclosed.

Mar. 5 Paul Kirby went to Griffith Observatory for me to check on Keyhoe's observations concerning Wolf 359. He said that according to the astronomers Keyhoe had it all wrong, and that he would give me their version

Mar. 8 Cy telephoned me from Denver. He talked to several hundred students of basic science class in Denver University, and would give me a tape recording of it, when he flew in over the weekend.

Mar. 10 Clippings from Denver indicate that the whole town is in a uproar trying to find the name of the mystery scientist. By then Cy Newton was in Hollywood, but Dr. G. was in Denver, quietly enjoying all the turmoil.

Mar. 12 Dr. and Mrs. Nassour, Alice Scully, Cy Newton and I listened to a tape recording on the lecture of March 8th. All agreed it was 50 minutes that seemed to move the world ahead a million years. Denver paid practically no attention to the lecture, but find out who the lecturer was. It became laughable paper chase again. Air Force Intelligence had gone underground with the closing of Project Saucer on December 27, 1949 and the scientist had gone under the underground. The whole subject dealt with foreign objects flying through our atmosphere, you would have thought we were hunting subterranean ground hogs, from the way those in authority were going underground.

Mar. 18 Cy Newton telephoned me from Wyoming, and told me he planned to get to see Dr. G. in Phoenix before the end of the month, and would pick up a wire recorder to get me the material I want for a substantial background as to the propulsion behind these flying saucers. He said it would be murder to go through Dr. G's monograph which ran half a million words, and a big percentage of them mathematical formulas. I told him I would meet him in Phoenix, if and when he arranged the date. He told me to hang on to the theory of William Gilford that the earth was one big magnet. And he explained why meteorites land here, because being magnetic structures they get caught in our magnetic waves. They are of iron, copper, or nickel usually.

FS File

KEN MURRAY AND FRANK SCULLY ON FLYING SAUCERS, THE BIG STORY OF 1951.

October 13, 1953

MURRAY: Let's see, how far has your saucer theory progressed since 1951?

SCULLY: AROUND THE WORLD, I guess. "Behind the Flying Saucers" has been translated in ten languages and has been read, they tell me, by ten million readers, not including the Russians who have maintained that flying saucers were really Russian discus-throwers who didn't know their own strength.

MURRAY: Do you believe as much in the reality of saucers as you did in 1951? I ask because there are stories going the rounds that you've repudiated the whole thing some time ago.

SCULLY: Why should I repudiate it? The Air Force ridiculed flying saucers in 1949 and in 1951 got stooges to claim my story was the greatest hoax since the Cardiff Giant. All who believed in saucers, they said, were either misinterpreting various conventional objects, or victims of a mild form of mass hysteria or perpetrating hoaxes. The last was an oblique crack at Frank Scully, meaning me.

MURRAY: SO?

SCULLY: Well, when the Air Force closed its own project saucer I figured that out of 375 reports the Air Force had left 34 cases dangling in mid-air. Since that time they have switched their party line completely. They now admit these Unidentified Flying Objects, as they call them, do exist, that they are in all likelihood interplanetary and out of 3000 sightings they have screened and evaluated they now have 25 per cent they can't laugh off. I asked if these unidentified flying objects were sightings by their own Air Force pilots, technicians and radar specialists. A spokesman admitted they were. That means that

SCULLY: whereas the Air Force once had 34 "things" that mystified their experts in 1950, they now have around 750 they're stuck with! That's quite an increase of something they once insisted didn't exist at all. Prof. Menzel insisted the things were reflections, mirages and the like. The Air Force officially has repudiated the Harvard astronomer's theory. Dr. Liddell of the Office of Naval Research said they were his weather balloons. He has been consigned by me, as well as the Air Force, to the balloonatic fringe. In brief, the Air Force has now swung around to my thesis and I wouldn't be surprised any day now to read that they were claiming I had stolen it from them in the first place.

MURRAY: Have you got any further news regarding the secret of their power?

SCULLY: Sure have. So has the scientific world. The theory of magnetic propulsion, which was first advanced by my scientists in Behind The Flying Saucers, is now the official view of the Canadian government's Project Saucer. Our boys in Washington, who work with the Canadians, have soft-pedalled any more ridiculing of that theory. In fact one of the biggest airplane manufacturers has earmarked \$1,000,000 to try to duplicate magnetic means of propulsion.

MURRAY: Have you got any more reports on how the saucers are manned?

SCULLY: Yes. You know I reported three saucers which had landed but with dead crews. Since then we have received many personal accounts by people who have communicated with live crews, even met them. In fact, one bunch insists there are 5000 to 10,000 space men walking this earth right now, checking on how Saucerians would be received if they landed officially. The Air Force pilots first had instructions to shoot the So-and-sos down. Now they've been instructed to do nothing of the sort.

MURRAY: What about the little men? That got a lot of laughs?

SCULLY: Well, maybe it deserved them. Maybe the Saucerians sent their jockeys at first, not wanting to carry too much weight for such long rides. More recent personal testimonies seem to make latter-day visitors around 5 feet 6. But even the originals were as believable to me as Mickey Rooney.

MURRAY: How many flying saucers have you seen so far?

SCULLY: Please. Unidentified Flying Objects is the official billing. Actually I have seen none. I either have my head buried in my typewriter, or am so busy looking from left to right while crossing boulevards that I don't dare look up for fear I'll get killed by Hollywood's crazy drivers. But I've seen 2½ minutes of a color film that was better than my eyes could have done. I've screened and evaluated scores of photographs, but the most convincing evidence I have seen to date was a color picture taken on July 12 by a top camera man who was testing a new camera over Mullholland Drive. The Air Force has it now so I guess we'll hear no more of that for a while.

MURRAY: Well, what's your present position on the saucer mystery?

SCULLY: Ken, I believe that flying saucers, like girls, are here to stay.

C
O
P
Y

(19)

General Hospital

on August 30, 1951

Dear Mr. Scully

he wrote from Fitzsimmons

I have just finished reading your book "Flying Saucers." I am now in this hospital under treatment for T.B. I have been in the Army since Nov. 1950 - drafted, that is.

I hesitate writing this letter you - for the same reason I hesitated in telling anyone about the experience I am about to relate after it happened.- because I am afraid, or rather have no desire whatsoever to be criticize and branded a liar, and certainly want no publicity. I offer my tale to you to believe or toss in the nearest wastebasket. If you believe me, fine, for what value it is to you. You are welcome to it and I shall have the personal satisfaction of being able to share my experience with someone. But you must not use my name, or identify me in any way to the press or military. I will answer any questions or do anything to help you, so long as my identity is kept secret.

In March 1950 I was in Seattle, Washington. I was in show business, appearing in night clubs there. I took a 2 week vacation and March 16 found myself and a friend, Bill, driving in the mountains in the vicinity of ~~I think it is~~ Mt. Rainier. I'm not sure of the name, but it overlooks Seattle. We stopped at a small lake off the main highway to camp. There was no one else near us to our knowledge. About 11:30 A.M. we went into the forest to hunt birds with my 22 rifle. Understand it was no hunting or fishing trip. We just wanted to hike in the woods. Neither of us are woodsmen or sportsmen. After wandering about a mile we found a small clearing or pasture and in the clearing was a Flying Saucer. On the ground, only about 10 feet from us were two small men, on their hands and knees examining something on the ground. It turned out to be a small rabbit. The Saucer was one of the small ones, it rested on the ball landing gear you described. Mind you now, until I read your book I did not know that any of the Saucers had actually been found. One reason I had not told anyone about this. The men had not heard our approach, and Bill and I were both frozen in amazement for a couple of minutes. I was holding the rifle. The men, rather the one facing us, looked up and saw us, his lips moved and his friend looked under his arm at us. None of us moved, for what seemed like hours. Then very stealthily both of them rose and turned to us. I said a very shaky "Hello" to them. They didn't do anything so I started walking slowly to them. They were both looking me up and down. Then they looked at my rifle. They must have known it was a weapon, because they started to turn to their ship. I guess they were about 25 ft from it.

le

the rifle

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I didn't want to alarm them ^{be} cause I didn't know what they would do to me, so I put it on the ground, facing the muzzle away from them. That stopped them and they waited for me to come closer. Bill remained where he was. I stopped a foot or so away from them and sat down on the ground. They were so small, one a little taller than the other. The taller one had fuzz on his face. The other was smooth skinned. All three of us were shaking - me especially. I had to sit down or I would have fallen. All our movements were very slow, an instinct, I suppose. I said something about not meaning any harm to them. My voice was high and shrill, I was so scared. They looked at each other, then the taller one said something and smiled. That broke the tension for all of us. His voice was soft, like a boys before puberty. I guess mine sounded like a fish wife's. Then the taller, and older one, sat down facing me. He said something and pointed to the ship. For some reason I nodded my head. Then the other one turned and went to it. The door was on the side away from us, and came back with a piece of paper about half the size of this sheet, and rather in texture to this paper, gave it to the taller one. (Let me call him A, the other, smaller, B) - A handed it to me. There was nothing on it. He made motions of writing. He didn't offer me a writing device, so I looked in my pocket. I didn't have one, so I called to Bill to bring me his pen, and to talk slowly and to stand behind me ~~like~~ ^{as} they were. ~~stood~~ (i)

They watched my mouth intently when I spoke. I had turned my face half way from them. Bill handed me the pen and I offered it to A. He took it and looked for a second - turning it over. Then gave it back. I took the cap off and pointed my name (first) JACK. Then pronounced it and pointed to myself and showed him the paper. Then he pronounced it perfectly. We exchanged grins. Then I wrote BILL and repeated the procedure.

I gave him the paper and the pen. It was too big and he only succeeded in poking a hole in the paper. Then he said something that sounded remotely CTOP. I couldn't get the throat sound he made. They both laughed at our attempt to sound his name. They examined the pen minutely and handed it to B who was leaning over with his hands on his knees. I pointed to myself and at the ship. They got the idea and stood up, and motioned us to it. B still had the pen, (which we never got back, or the paper) A said something to B and he went and picked up the rabbit and showed it to us. I said "rabbit" and A pronounced it. It seemed to be alive, but paralyzed. When Bill saw it he said he wasn't going to the ship. If they could do that to a rabbit they could do it to us, and he was going back. I said OK, but to walk slowly and not to do anything to alarm them for my sake. When he walked away they seemed to be confused and exchanged words very rapidly, as were all their words, and I tried to assure them, but I didn't do much good. A looked at me and said the longest conversation I'd heard him speak, and then shook his head. It must have meant "no." I called to Bill to stop where he was. He sat down and faced us. They seemed to feel a little better. I guess they didn't trust us. We were about twice as tall as they were. Then A came over and placed his hand on my chest - speaking very softly to me and drumming his fingers on my chest gently. It seemed a friendly gesture. So I placed my hand

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on his shoulder. Then I took his left hand and made a gesture for his other hand. Then I shook hands with him. His hand was soft skinned like a child's, and very warm. Then B repeated the same chest drumming and I shook hands with him. He handed the rabbit to A first. I got the impression it was a farewell so I turned and walked away. Bill joined me and when we reached the rifle I turned and raised my right hand to them. They both repeated it. Then I picked up the rifle. We didn't look back till we reached the bushes. When we looked they were already in the ship and in a minute it rose slowly straight up. Then whisked away to the west and was gone in a second. The ship made no real sound. I think there was a faint hum or something. But that was all. It could have been a ringing in my ears.

That, Mr. Scully, is my experience. I guess that Bill and I are the only people to have talked to these men. Maybe not. If I have been afraid to disclose what happened, surely there must have been others.

I offer this for what it may be worth to you, once again requesting that you keep my identity secret. If there is any more I can tell you I will if I can remember. I was very nervous and frightened and missed a lot about the men and their ship. Bill and I vowed secrecy about this whole thing. Unfortunately I ~~have~~ lost contact with Bill in San Francisco and have no idea where he is now. I do not know his home address, only Chicago.

Most sincerely

Mac

(Private Francis J. MacDonough) Jack

Subsequent correspondence brought more details and eventually the concession that we might use his name if we wanted to do so.

So far the story has dealt with sightings and some grounded saucers and even live crews. But there is another side to this story. Are there man-sized space men among us? Do they come and go almost at will?

Several of these case-histories have come to our attention. George Adamski supplied missing details of one - perhaps